when we were scowring the Duke of *Yorks* Armour in our garret.

Suffolke. I marry this is something like,
Whose within there?

Enter one or two.

Sirra take in this fellow and keepe him close,
And send out a Pursuant for his maister straight,
Weele here more of this before the King.

Exet with the Armourers man.

Now sir what yours? Let me see it,
Whats here?
A complaint against the Duke of *Suffolke* for enclosing the commons of long Melford.
How now sir knaue.

1. Peti. I beseech your grace to pardon me, me, I am but a Messenger for the whole town-ship.

He teares the papers.

Suffolke. So now show your petitions to Duke *Humphrey*.
Villaines get you gone and come not neare the Court,
Dare these pesants write against me thus.

Exet Petitioners.

Queene. My Lord of *Suffolke*, you may see by this,
The Commons loues vnto that haughtie Duke,
That seekes to him more then to King *Henry*:
Whose eyes are alwaies poring on his booke,
And nere regards the honour of his name,
But still must be protected like a childe,
And gouerned by that ambitious Duke,
That scarse will moue his cap nor speake to vs,
And his proud wife, high minded *Elanor*,
That ruffles it with such a troupe of Ladies,
As strangers in the Court takes her for the Queene,
The other day she vanted to her maides,
That the very traine of her worst gowne,
Was worth more wealth then all my fathers lands,
Can any griefe of minde be like to this.

I tell

I tell thee *Poull*, when thou didst runne at Tilt,
And stolst away our Ladaies hearts in *France*,
I thought King *Henry* had bene like to thee,
Or else thou hadst not brought me out of *France*.

Suffolke. Madame content your selfe a litle while,
As I was cause of your comming to England,
So will I in England worke your full content:
And as for proud Duke *Humphrey* and his wife,
I haue set lime-twigs that will intangle them,
As that your grace ere long shall vnderstand.
But staie Madame, here comes the King.

Enter King *Henry*, and the Duke of *Yorke* and the Duke of *Somerset* on both sides of the King, whispering with him, and enter Duke *Humphrey*, Dame *Elnor*, the Duke of *Buckingham*, the Earle of *Salsbury*, the Earle of *Warwicke*, and the Cardinall of *VVinchester*.

King. My Lords I care not who be Regent in *France*, or *York*, or *Somerset*, alls wonne to me.

Yorke. My Lord, if *Yorke* haue ill demeande himselfe,
Let *Somerset* enioy his place and go to *France*.

Somerset. Then whom your grace thinke worthie, let him go,
And there be made the Regent ouer the French.

VVarwicke. VVhom soeuer you account worthie,
Yorke is the vvorthiest.

Cardinall. Pease *VVarwicke*. Giue thy betters leaue to speake.

VVar. The Cardinals not my better in the field.

Buc. All in this place are thy betters farre.

VVar. And *Warwicke* may liue to be the best of all.

Queene. My Lord in mine opinion, it vvere best that *Somerset* vvere Regent ouer *France*.

Humphrey. Madame our King is old inough himselfe,
To giue his answvere vvithout your consent.

Queene. If he be old inough, vvhat needs your grace
To be Protector ouer him so long.